RESPITE FOR OLD CITY COLLEGE

RUSH OF STUDENTS GIVES IT A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Hopes for the Preservation of a Structure Which Links the Old New York With the New—Was Built Out in the Fields —Memorable Events in Its History.

Graduates of the College of the City of New York of the older classes have been hearing good news in the last week or two. The old building at Twenty-third street and Lexington avenue, which sheltered all but this year's graduates during their college career, is not going to be torn down at once.

It was supposed that the completion of the new buildings on Washington Heights, which were dedicated a couple of months ago, would mean the immediate abandonment and demolition of the old pile, but the rush of students to the college has already swamped the new structures. So many new pupils have been admitted to the academic department of the college this year that the old building is needed to accommodate them.

It is a choice between that and hiring some other premises. It is now believed that at least five years must elapse before the old building can be dispensed with, and the alumni feel that a sentimental tragedy in their lives had been postponed just that long.

The city authorities are not so well pleased. They are desirous of getting the site for some other purpose or its cash value. One of the projects for the use of the property is to turn it into a high school and Mayor McClellan visited the building recently and went over it to see if it could be adapted for this purpose.

It is not fireproof, however, and is in bad repair. Besides, the valuable ground space is not fully utilized. It is believed that the building could not be converted economically to school uses. Anyway the whole subject is now relegated to the future.

It has been a hope of the alumni that the attention of some wealthy man would be attracted to the building and that it would be bought and presented to the city for a museum or a public library. The idea of raising a subscription for this purpose has even been mooted, but the sum needed is so large as to be discouraging.

The attitude of the alumni is not based merely on their own veneration for their alma mater. The building has accumulated a tradition, as they put it, in the more than fifty years of its existence.

It is a link between the great New York of to-day and the city of bygone days. Begun in 1847 and opened in 1849, it was built literally in the open fields. There were no houses between it and the present Gramercy Park. From the site vessels could be seen sailing on the East River. North of it along the general line of Lexington avenue there was a settlement of villa houses known as Rose Hill.

The site cost $25,000. To this a few years later was added a plot on Twenty-second street, on which the academic department, now an annex of the Wadleigh school, was built. This piece of land cost $12,000, making a total of $37,000. The whole site is now appraised at more than a million of dollars.

The building cost $28,000; the appropriation was $50,000. The cost is figured out at 9 cents a cubic foot, and it is said to have been the most economically built public edifice ever put up in New York.

The architect was James Renwick, who designed Grace Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral and many other of New York's most beautiful buildings. It is of Gothic architecture, with suggestions of the French château style. Between the tiers of windows there are buttresses and at each corner a hexagonal turret finished with a sort of minaret. In the centre, the centre aisle of the chapel, which occupies the entire top floor, rises high above the main roof, with rows of pointed windows.

The college is built of brick, with brownstone trimmings. Originally it was covered with stucco and painted brown. In the later '70s the stucco became unsafe and the trustees began experimenting.

They tore it off the western end, facing Lexington avenue, and set a gang of painters at work. In a week that fine gothic gable was disguised in a flaming red brick hue, neatly ruled off with white pencilling. It looked like a factory or an orphan asylum.

It was realized that some one had blundered. The work was suspended, and it was only in the following long vacation that the removal of the stucco was completed and a modest coat of brown was applied to the entire outside walls. It was during the interval that at some college association meeting a motion was made that the association's color be blended in badges or some such things with the color of the college.

"Which of them?" asked George H. McAdam, who is now a lawyer practising in this city, but who was then a freshman or sophomore.

The joke got to the faculty and from them to the trustees and helped to eliminate the abominable brick red. It is hardly necessary to explain that the motion referred to the emblematic color of the college, which is lavender. The building is now almost completely covered with creepers and it has a beautiful and venerable appearance.

Down to about a decade ago the college had a strip of lawn some thirty to forty feet wide extending along Twenty-third street and a plot 50 feet wide on Lexington avenue. The latter remains, but the city has widened the Twenty-third street sidewalk at the expense of the "campulus," as some of the classic students used to call it.

This grass plot was annually the scene of one college function, the planting of the class ivy. Edward M. Shepard, who was graduated in '69, is said to have been the first ivy orator.

It was also a custom in the '70s and '80s for the graduating class on commencement night, or rather in the dawn of the day after, to march up the "campulus" from Leighörtner's old time restaurant on Lafayette place, where all the class dinners used to be held in those days. A couple of active fellows would climb over the iron railings, the whole crowd would then tackle the gates and, lifting them from their hinges, lay them down in a corner.

Then two lines were formed and the class danced a joyous Virginia reel on the grass to the tune of "Upidee" and "The Son of a Gambolier." The patrolmen on post used to appear in short order, but none was ever known to interfere. They stood outside the railing grinning at the fun. It was all over in a quarter of an hour or so, and with a cheer for the college and a handshake all round the class broke up forever.

In the old days the interior of the building was as bare of adornment as a Trappist monastery. Only the cosey Gothic library and the president's and faculty rooms had anything in the way of furnishings beyond what was necessary for the work.

The first alleviation of the bare walls came in 1875 when the alumni association erected in one of the corridors a tablet in memory of the graduates of the college who fell in the civil war. Then somebody presented a fossil ichthyosaurus to the college and it was put up in a great frame in another wing. One of the annual jokes was the adoption of this beast by class after class as its mascot.

Next Prof. Anthon started a historical collection and cases were built to protect it. From that time on the decoration of the halls and rooms progressed steadily. One class presented a stained glass window, another a series of photographs of classic works of art. A collection of crayon portraits of former professors was formed.

The college went into athletics, and pennants and other trophies were won and displayed. Many of these things have not yet been moved to the new buildings and they give the old building a cheerful aspect to the old timer who happens in to revive his memmories.

The college has seen two distinct changes come over the region where it stands. First it grew up into a fine residential district and now it has become a great business quarter. When it was first opened President Webster, who was a West Point man, formed a student cadet corps which used to drill where the Twenty-third street trolley cars now run. The boys used to run races at noon recess around the open space where Gramercy Park now is.

On their way down town, where most of them lived, toughs who developed, it seems, a special hostility to the Free Academy boys—the original name of the college—used to waylay them in the open lots about Fourteenth street. There were many pitched battles. James R. Steers, a graduate of '53, the first graduating class, tells in a sketch of the early days of the college how he finally had to secure the assistance of a six foot fellow student named Sullivan to overcome a gang who threw stones at him daily at Fourteenth street and First avenue. Sullivan thrashed several of the stone throwers so badly that the war ceased.

The commencements used to be held at Niblo's Garden in the earliest days. When the Academy of Music was built they moved up there. This was in time deserted for the Metropolitan Opera House and Carnegie Hall. Now the new college chapel is large enough for the purpose.

Another link between the college and old New York was Robert Ogden Doremus, who was professor, first of natural history and then of chemistry, for fifty years. He had in the basement of the college the photometric room in which he carried on the official tests of the gas furnished the city by the companies. He lived on Union place in a villa set far back from the street, and Union place was Fourth avenue, east side, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets.

There he entertained Ole Bull, Christine Nillson and numerous other musical celebrities, and there the college boys used to go around and serenade him after literary society meetings on Friday night, and he used to take them in and wine them and feast them.

Another house identified with the college in the memories of men of the '70s and '80s is the English basement house at 15 Lexington avenue, next to the "campulus." It was the house leased by the city for Gen. Alexander Stewart Webb, who became president of the college in 1872. He lived there for at least twenty years.

The chapel of the college remains almost unchanged from the old days. It has been painted a lighter color, including the old oak roof, and its gloom is not so great as it used to be. That is practically the only change.

There the students made their first efforts in oratory, and there are scores of Judges, lawyers, politicians, men of science and literature who probably cannot think of it without a thrill of the stage fright with which they mounted its high stage to spout their declamations, or orations, as the student exercises were classified.

Here also the alumni reunions used to be held, and a year ago, when the last one took place there, representatives of every one of the fifty-four graduating classes climbed on the platform to cheer for the college. At the close of the night all marched solemnly out, the lights were extinguished and Prof. Werner, a graduate of 1857 and one of the oldest members of the faculty, turned about, put the big key into the lock and turned it with the word "Good-by."

SAVED THE DOG, WON THE RACE.

Inside History of the Harlem Rowing Club's Victory on the Hackensack.

The half drowned mongrel pup with the rope around his neck may not have had a blessed thing to do with it, but the members of the Harlem Rowing Club, and especially the members of the four oared barge crew, think he did, and for that reason he now boasts a silver collar with "Mascot" engraved on it, and enjoys all the privileges of the club.

Everybody who follows the sporting news closely knows that on the day of the regatta of the Atlantic Boat Club of East Rutherford, N. J., on the Hackensack River, the four oared crew from the Harlem Rowing Club rowed in the free for all barge race. It is also known that the Harlem men appeared to win by the skin of their teeth.

They got off last, and immediately rowed into shallow water, which handicapped them. Then suddenly things appeared to break better for them, and the Harlem barge speedily overhauled the others. Soon it was on even terms with the leader, and it crossed the line first.

That's how the race was won on the Hackensack River, but here's how many of the Harlem Rowing Club boys and girls think it was won on the Harlem River the day before the race took place:

The club launch was just putting off for Hackensack. Aboard were the members of the four oared barge crew, Hugo Nonenbacher, bow; J. D. V. Breen, No. 2; John J. Ryan, No. 3; John Hoben, stroke, and Tim Scannell, coxswain.

The launch had left the clubhouse on the north side of the river at about 155th street, when a tiny object loomed up some distance off. It came toward the launch and the oarsmen noted that the object was a little black pup that appeared to be a cross between a fox terrier and a bull terrier. He had a rope around his neck and was struggling so feebly that the Harlem crew knew he must be nearly all in.

"Poor little cuss," said Coxswain Tim Scannell. "Looks as if some mean guy had thrown him into the Harlem hoping he would drown. It's up to us to see that he doesn't, and if he pulls through all O K maybe it's an omen of good luck for us."

The oarsmen couldn't get to the dog with their launch, so they put back to the clubhouse and called for volunteers to fish the mascot out of the river. Bob Goole, the club attendant, and Charles Eavens, the boatman, pushed out a boat and without much difficulty rescued the dog. He looked to be dead when they got him, but the first aid to the injured squad that was waiting for him on the shore rolled him around on the landing until he opened his eyes and began to breathe like a live dog.

When the members of the four oared barge crew saw that the pup was in condition to be adopted as a mascot they all patted him on the head in sober fashion and set out for the Hackensack River convinced that they couldn't lose the race. The first word that reached the clubhouse concerning the victory of the crew was this telegram:

"Give the mascot a pound of sirloin steak rare. He's all to the good."

HOW ONE MAN GETS WET

By Dodging the Wet Through Conjunction of Metropolitan Conveniences.

It was raining very hard. The citizen who looks out over half of New York from his office window wanted to do the polite thing by a friend who had dropped in to talk business, yet the nearest dispensary of cheer was away down across the street.

"I can get to the wet without getting wet," he explained enigmatically. "It's easy enough when you know how."

So saying he took his friend down about ten stories in an express elevator, walked him through an arcade to a subway entrance, down through the length of the subway platform and up to the sidewalk. Within five feet of the kiosk where they stood was the entrance marked "Café."

"After all," said the knowing citizen from the heights, "New York is a good place to live when you know your way around."

National Dish of Brazil.

From the Baltimore American.

After existing in South American countries for the last eight months it's good to get back to town where one can get something to eat," said Mr. R. G. Breeden, a San Francisco mining engineer.

"Most of the time I've been in the south was spent in Brazil. In that country the national dish is jerked beef and black beans, and one sees nothing else. Nowhere in South America, except in Buenos Ayres, can a stranger from the United States get a meal that will tickle his palate. The South Americans surely don't know the rudiments of cooking. Every dish they bring you is something in grease and garlic and so dosed with pepper as to nearly strangle you.

WOMEN WHO HELP ANIMALS

COMMON SENSE MEASURES OF THE S. P. C. A. AUXILIARY.

Its Work Parade but One of Many Plans —Receiving Stations for Small Beasts —Teaching Women How to Act Whenever They See an Animal Ill Treated.

Ever since the Women's Auxiliary of the S. P. C. A. was organized eighteen months ago it has been doing things. Before it was six months old it established an annual work horse parade. Mrs. James Speyer, then treasurer, was the moving spirit in this laudable enterprise. Memorial Day, 1907, was chosen for the inaugural parade, in which nearly 1,400 work horses were in line, with an outlay in money prizes and badges of more than $1,000, to say nothing of the other expenses. The second parade, held one year later, was half as big again as the first and cost proportionately, and at its close New York understood that the New York Work Horse Parade Association had come to stay, as well as the Women's Auxiliary of the S. P. C. A., which foots the bills for all its work.

Homeless cats and dogs and the work horses have found a strong friend in the women's auxiliary. This will be more apparent before the summer is over. The parade was merely a beginning of a carefully planned programme.

For instance, of late the auxiliary has opened on its own initiative and is to maintain at its own expense for the next three months receiving stations for small animals at these points: One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street under the Third avenue elevated railroad and Delancey and Eldridge streets. At these places animals are received daily from 8 o'clock A. M. to 8 P. M. They are intended primarily for the convenience of persons who have dogs and cats they don't want to keep or don't want to abandon or who may be willing to rescue sick, homeless or injured animals from the streets, knowing that there is a receiving station not far off.

Both stations are situated in very populous sections of the city. Before they were opened the only receiving stations in all Manhattan were at the society's shelter, 102d street and the East River, and at the ambulance house, which is at 111 East Twenty-second street.

The plans of the auxiliary also include valuable educational features by means of clubs for children, by printed pamphlets sent among the women of New York and by individual appeals to friends, all having for their main theme the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Thousands of youngsters are now enrolled in the junior clubs of the auxiliary, including boys and girls of exclusive Tuxedo and of inclusive Third and Tenth avenues. They are taught, from illustrated talks given by specialists, ways of being kind to animals and how to care for them.

In the case of adults the auxiliary's missionary work is not nearly so certain of quick results. Adults need a tremendous lot of prodding, the auxiliary finds—not to open their pocketbooks but their susceptibilities to the comfort or discomfort of the hard worked horse or the dog or cat lacking blue blood and a pedigree.

"It's a lot easier to pass by on the other side and then go home and write a check in favor of the auxiliary than it is to stop and play the good Samaritan for the benefit of some forlorn beast," observed an auxiliary member.

"I speak from experience. I was one who always passed by on the other side, never dreaming in fact that I was expected to do anything else.

"Now, unless I am on my way to catch a train or to keep a very important engagement, I always stop and do what I can to help a horse or dog or cat or bird or anything else that needs help. The fact is, no woman can be associated with Mrs. Speyer, president of the auxiliary, and not feel like a criminal if she dodges an animal which is being ill treated or is suffering.

"There are many women who don't know what to do when they run up against suffering animals, but after the auxiliary is a few years older it will be different. It's really very easy to help animals when one learns how.

"For instance, now when I see an ownerless dog or a starved looking cat or a cat or a dog which is being tormented by children in the streets I hunt up a reliable messenger, lay claim to the animal and send him at once to one of the receiving stations of the society. If nobody owns the animal my claim is never contested. If some owner appears I summon a police officer and ask him to arrest the owner for cruel treatment. Usually before the policeman gets so far as that, though, there will be no owner in sight and the animal is mine to do what I please with, and I please to send him away from that neighborhood as fast as possible. That is only one of many ways of interfering in cases of cruelty and suffering.

"I know women who never will ask to have a man arrested because they don't want to go to court to testify against him. They can't spare the time perhaps or else they hate to be conspicuous. And some women don't know just how far they can go in a case of this sort. Members of the auxiliary are taking a lot of pains to educate New York women on this point by passing around a circular which tells in black and white that any woman, whether or not a member of the S. P. C. A. or of the auxiliary, has the power to call a policeman and demand the arrest of any one she discovers maltreating an animal.

"If the woman can't at the moment go to the police station let her give her name and address to the officer as a witness. If she hasn't the courage to do so much as that let her take down the name or number or address on the truck or wagon and send word to the society of the nature of the act of cruelty she witnessed, whether beating or overloading or driving a horse covered with sores or one that appeared to be ill. Or she may have the perpetrator arrested and held while she telephones to the society for an agent to be sent at once.

"Simply by taking down names and addresses and sending them with full particulars to the S. P. C. A. any woman can help the cause tremendously, the literature we circulate teaches.

"At this time of the year the auxiliary is particularly interested in preventive measures against sunstroke among work horses. These measures include plenty of drinking fountains and spray stations and the use of horse bonnets. There are three or four beautiful stone drinking fountains in New York which have been given to the city by women, and the auxiliary hopes to be the means of increasing the number of these and to aid in multiplying drinking troughs for horses on the streets."

The auxiliary is now making efforts to have a copy of the society's pamphlet on "The Dog Days" get into the hands of as many women as possible, fearing that the stray dog will suffer more than common this summer because of the recent agitation on the subject of rabies.

Here are some of the paragraphs to which the reader's attention is particularly directed:

By the dog days is understood the period of great heat occurring chiefly in July and August, in which most persons suppose dogs are in peculiar danger of rabies. The consequence is that any dog which may happen to be then suffering from any disease whatever is at once set down as mad. A frightened dog pursued by thoughtless children with the cry "mad dog!" is regarded with terror and often brutally killed.

There are no such days in the year's calendar as "dog days."

Rabies is a rare disease at any time of the year. There are no more cases of rabies in July than there are in January.

There is no more reason to dread our family friend the dog in hot weather than in cold and no more reason to dread hydrophobia from his bite at one time of the year than at another. Dr. Rosse stated that in Asia Minor and in Constantinople, where pariah dogs abound, no one ever hears of hydrophobia. It is unknown in Japan and Corea, where there are more dogs than in any other country. In Germany it is seldom heard of. Not a case has been reported in Berlin in many years. In London only one case was reported in 1902 and of the 8,000 stray dogs captured not one showed symptoms of rabies.

The statistics of New York for thirty-five years show nine years in which no death occurred and two successive years in which there was not one death from hydrophobia.

During the thirty years of the existence of the American S. P. C. A. there has been no single well established case of either rabies or hydrophobia.

Remember these facts: First, that there are more than a million chances to one that any dog supposed to be mad is not mad at all; second, that in all probability any dog by which a person may be bitten is not mad.

If a dog barks, yelps, whines or growls, that dog is not mad. The only sound a mad dog is known to emit is a hoarse howl, and that but seldom. Even blows will not extort an outcry from a mad dog.

THE HORSE IN BASEBALL.

Fat Fan Tells His Neighbor What the Poor Players Have to Put Up With.

"Well," grunted the thin man on the right field bleachers, "the play hasn't been so brilliant so far but what it can be watched in comfort without the aid of smoked glasses."

"I suppose you refer to that last error at short," said the fat fan who was sitting next to him. "It was pretty rank. Still, you can't blame the shortstop. He's just getting over an attack of pink eye."

"Pink eye? Why, pink eye is a horse's disease."

"Human beings can have it too."

"Catch it from horses, I suppose," sneered the thin man sarcastically.

"I suppose they do." The fat fan smothered a yawn. "It's another argument against the baseball trust.

"Since they've had a monopoly on the manufacture of baseballs the poor player has had no protection whatever. If he isn't willing to risk his health the trust can find plenty of other men who would be only too glad to take his place.

"There used to be a time when only the most carefully selected horsehide went into the manufacture of baseball covers. But now that a soulless corporation has got a monopoly of the business they hand up 'most any old kind of pink eyed, foundered nag with spavin to the poor long suffering players. Why, they won't even go to the trivial expense of sterilizing the hides before they're turned over to the sporting goods seamstresses who sew 'em on the balls.

"Just consider the number of downtrodden ball tossers who are out of the game today suffering from Charlie horse. And do you know that Charlie horse is? Nothing but another name for spring halt. They call it that because they traced the cover of the first ball that spread the disease to a decrepit old cab horse named Charlie.

"Look at the chances that pitcher is taking out there right now. First he licks his fingers, then he rubs 'em on the ball, then he licks his fingers again and then—look at there! What did I tell you? The umpire's just called a balk on him.

"All the papers to-morrow morning will blame that poor pitcher. But he couldn't help it. The cover of that ball, like as not, was made from the hide of a balky horse. The pitcher merely caught it from the ball.

"But what are we going to do about this trust problem? Baseballs aren't good to eat. You can't reach 'em under the pure food law. There's no way you can reach 'em. I tell you, sir, if that young feller that wrote the 'Jungle Book,' or whatever the name of it was, could only——"

"That's the second passed ball that catcher's had," complained the thin man. "He can't hold anything."

"That's because the pitcher is using a spit ball. Hardest thing in the world for a catcher to hold. There's the chance of a lifetime for some bright young man to invent a blotting paper mitt for handling spit balls."

After this observation the fat fan was permitted by his neighbor to enjoy the remainder of the game without interruption.

HOBGOBLINS IN A MAINE HOUSE.

Deputy Sheriff and a Crowd Called Out to Solve the Mystery.

Athens correspondence Rockland Opinion.

They are having quite exciting times at the home of Elmer Dare, in Harmony, about two miles from here.

June 9 the place was visited by spirits, hobgoblins or some other obnoxious unearthly creatures. The family was awakened in the night by cider and vinegar barrels being rolled over in the cellar, doors slamming, chairs tipped over and other noises too numerous to mention.

The neighbors were called in by telephone and watched all night, but failed to locate the cause of the disturbance. The next three nights the same mysterious doings were repeated, and several windows were broken. Although there was a bright moon and several men watched the place they failed to discover any cause for the unusual commotion.

We have not heard the result of Saturday night, but a crowd, with the deputy sheriff for a leader, were fully resolved to solve the mystery if possible. It may be a case like what we heard at Union several years ago when a certain young lady endeavored to persuade her father to buy her an organ by getting Old Uncle Ben Robbins to play ghost.

LOCOMOTIVE NESTING PLACES.

Strange Preferences Shown by Birds in Home Making Arrangements.

From the Westminster Gazette.

The sparrow which was discovered a few days ago sitting on a nest among the coal of a Great Eastern Company's engine running between St. Margaret's and Buntingford has had several predecessors in her preference for a locomotive nesting place.

A year or two ago a thrush's nest containing two eggs was found snugly ensconced on the Westinghouse brake pipe of a carriage on an express train which had just returned to York from a trip to Newcastle. The nest, we are told, was "quite warm and comfortable."

About the same time a couple of robins built their nest on the axle of a colliery wagon which was standing idle for a few days at Seghill, Northumberland. Six eggs were laid, and then the wagon was started on its journeys again. The parent birds followed it all the way to the Tyne, and it was their excited hovering over the wagon which led to an investigation and to the discovery of their strange nesting place.

Red Parasol Stopped Train.

From the London Daily Mail.

A curious incident has come to light in connection with the stopping of a London express train on the Caledonian main line near Rockcliffe station, a few miles north of Carlisle. The train was running at full speed when the driver observed a red object by the side of the line which he regarded as a danger signal.

The train was accordingly pulled up, when it was found that the object in question was a red parasol carried by a woman who, wishing to cross the line at a level crossing, was awaiting the passing of the express.

KING ENTERTAINS THOUSANDS

Continued from First Page.

Dutch Antilles are served in the same way.

"The chief object for which you have asked for an audience," said Castro to the correspondent, "is to know if I intend to renew diplomatic relations with your country. I do not reply to that question. It is M. Armand Fallières to whom you should address it.

"Venezuela has no interests in France. France has 4,000 citizens and $2,400,000 in Venezuela. I am not annoyed at your country. Our common Latin origin prevents that.

"But modern diplomacy has given up the policy of sentiment, it deals only with the policy of business. I will not have any foreign men of business, any monopolizers, in the republic.

"Venezuela is on bad terms with almost all the Powers. That is my work and that is my pride."

The President went on to explain that he had undertaken a far greater work than Bolivar had accomplished in turning out the Spaniards, for his enemies were stronger and better armed than those Bolivar encountered, being the foreign business men and the cosmopolitan companies that have taken possession of the commerce of the country, and he was determined that the economic life, like the political life of his country, should be in native hands.

"My dream is to regenerate the republics of the north of South America by uniting them against the barbarians of Europe and the other America," he said.

Castro defended his action in expelling M. Taigny on the ground that the latter had intervened in the country's domestic differences. "M. Clemenceau," he said, "expelled Mgr. Montagnini for offences much less grave than those I had to complain of in M. Taigny."

A Paris newspaper has been asking its readers to name the twelve greatest inventions. Over 400,000 coupons were sent in and the votes were cast in the following order: The locomotive, the potato, vaccine, the cure of rabies, sugar, electric telegraph, matches, the boiler (of a steam engine), the telephone, petrol, the sewing machine, and soap.

The printing machine only captured seventeenth place, the automobile was thirty-first, the typewriter was fifty-fourth, and the aeroplane fifty-ninth.

At Froissy, a village eighteen miles from Clermont in the Oise Department, many of the public functions are exercised by women. The postman is a woman, the barber is a woman, the town crier who beats the drum and gives out public notices is a woman, and telegrams are delivered by a girl.

M. Le Poitevin, the magistrate punished for showing too great lenity to the diamond maker Lemoine, still remains a magistrate. His punishment means that he loses for three years his place as juge d'instruction and the higher rank and $400 additional salary going with it.

He will take a seat now in the sixth chamber of the tribunal of the Seine, known in the legal profession as the chamber of exile or Little Siberia, as it is there that magistrates are sent who have offended, but not so seriously as to incur dismissal. As president of this sixth chamber M. Le Poitevin will find M. Vigneau, who was juge d'instruction in the Wilson affair, in which the son-in-law of President Grévy was accused of trading in decorations.

M. Vigneau's zeal to get to the bottom of the affair was such that he telephoned to M. Legrand, one of those who were believed to have bought decorations from M. Wilson and by giving M. Legrand to understand he was talking with M. Wilson himself obtained some interesting evidence that enabled him to ask that day for M. Wilson's arrest Three days later these proceedings were quashed and M. Vigneau deprived of his office as juge d'instruction.

Another magistrate found his way to Little Siberia because he kept a man accused of breaking a policeman's leg too long in prison—the opposite of M. Le Poitevin's offence. A third forgot all about an accused man whom he left languishing in prison.

A bill dealing with automobile traffic has been laid before the German Federal Council and will become law for the empire in a short time. Under the bill the owner of the machine is responsible for compensation in case of accident unless he can show that the accident was not the fault of himself or his driver or that it was the result of a defect in the machine.

The maximum compensation payable on account of an accident shall not exceed $12,500 or a yearly payment of $750. In case of injury to another vehicle the maximum compensation shall not exceed $1,250. Where several persons are killed or injured in an accident the maximum compensation payable is not to be more than $37,500, or a yearly payment of $2,250. Penalties of from $37 to $125 or three months imprisonment await the driver who transgresses local regulations, refuses to show his license or fails to carry or alters or conceals his car number.

Italian emigration to America has practically ceased. Only 4,429 persons emigrated to America during May, while 31,539 emigrants returned to Italy. During the first five months of the present year the number of departures for America was 32,025 and that of repatriations 91,116.

Comparing these figures with those for the corresponding period in the previous year the departures show a falling off of 137,124, and the repatriations, an increase of 71,297. A consequence of this state of affairs is that the money which the emigrants used to send to Italy, and which until recently was calculated at $70,000,000 yearly, has stopped coming, while at present there are about 200,000 returned emigrants in Italy without work. No remedy is suggested for this growing evil.

No fewer than forty-one piano playing little girls and boys and fourteen youthful violinists assembled the other day in the Femina Hall in Paris to compete for gold medals and justify their titles as musical prodigies. None of the children was older than 13 and the youngest was only 5.

The jury, among whom were such artists as Edouard Colonnes, Raoul Pugno and Jacques Thibaud, had arranged a number of test pieces, and these were not of the easiest. For piano Handel's "Blacksmith Variations" and the finale of Mozart's D sharp sonata, while the young violinists had to go through Mozart's E flat sonata and one of Beethoven's romances. The best among them, moreover, had to play afterward a very difficult piece of music from sight.

It was interesting to note the peculiar little ways of the budding musicians. Some with childish naïveté altered style and melody to suit themselves. The girls were noticeably more at ease than the boys. All of them gave evidence of much industrious study.

Most of them possessed sufficient musical training to go mechanically through the pieces placed before them, but few evinced genuine depth of musical feeling, and fewer still showed true genius. Others again seemed to have already been accustomed to look upon themselves as something out of the way and with coquettish glances tried to captivate the favor of the audience.

It was Yvonne Lefebvre, a little girl of 9, whose marvellous execution on the piano immediately distinguished her from the dryasdust performances of the others. She won a gold medal, as did Jeanne Gautier, also 9, for excellent violin playing. Neither had been brought up as a prodigy, but they showed unmistakable talent.

The dearth of meat in Austria, complaints of which have been filling the newspapers for many months, has led to experiments by the Austrian military authorities in the direction of vegetarianism. The various commissariat departments have received orders to test the value of milk and milk products, especially cheese, in the daily dietary of the troops. Skim milk is also to be taken into account.

It is suggested that recruits would form a very good subject for experiment and that they might be fed on smaller rations of meat with increased allowances of vegetables and pastry and puddings composed of milk and cereals. The War Office is, especially anxious to ascertain how such a reformed scale of diet would meet the requirements of the troops in manœuvres and field exercises. It is understood that the private soldiers are by no means enthusiastic about the new dietary.

One result of the beef famine has been an enormous increase in the consumption of horseflesh in Vienna, and the municipal authorities have erected new slaughterhouses for horses. They cover an area of 3,300 square yards, with stabling for 200 horses. Land and buildings together have cost over $200,000.

The principal building is the great slaughter hall, more than 300 feet in length and 50 feet in width. It is equipped with the most modern machinery. There are stalls for killing fifty-nine animals at once, each fitted with hoisting apparatus.

Last year 20,225 horses were slaughtered in Vienna for food. Most of them were converted into sausages of various brands and flavors, of which the Viennese consume enormous quantities.

Every man's hand is against a band of Macedonian gypsies who have unfortunately become wedged in between three countries, Germany, Holland and Belgium, in that curious tiny neutral territory named Moresnet, a corner which was forgotten in the general European rearrangement after Napoleon's downfall.

Frontier guards of three nationalities surround the place, with orders to prevent the party at any cost from passing on to other ground. The gypsies' case has become the subject of diplomatic negotiations between Germany and Turkey, but as anything connected with Macedonia spells delay the unhappy wanderers would have been long ago starved to death had not some charitable souls provided them with bread.

Officially no one may give them sustenance, and their condition last week was pitiable. They speak nothing but their native language and are believed to be intending emigrants to America, but were deceived by unscrupulous agents and are now trying to make their way back to their native country.

MILLIONS IN TEXAS ONIONS.

What the Growers of the State Have Done to Improve the Crop.

From the Texas Stockman and Farmer.

Texas onion growers have gone the men of the Bermuda Islands one better and have produced a Texas Bermuda onion superior in flavor and hardiness to the Bermuda Islands onions.

Last summer the agent of the South Texas Truck Growers Association visited the Bermuda Islands and the Canary Islands and secured a big consignment of seed. These seed have produced this year's onion crop in Texas of a greater size and of a fine quality. Whereas it was formerly estimated that the Bermuda growers shipped 1,000,000 crates of onions to this country annually, it is now estimated that their shipments this year amounted to about 880,000 crates.

Some 750 carloads of onions have been shipped out of southwest Texas already, and the movement is not yet over. It is estimated that over 1,000 carloads will be shipped. These have brought prices at first as high as $900 and $700 a carload before the competition of other onions came in, but now are bringing from $400 to $500 a carload. The gross returns of the onion crop in this part of Texas will be over a million dollars this year. This does not include the amount sold and consumed at home.

A few days ago a whole shipload of onions left Galveston for Atlantic coast ports. At the present rate that the growers are prospering Texas in a few years will have a class of onion millionaires.